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THE FLINTSTONES & PEBBLES

NO. 23
JUNE
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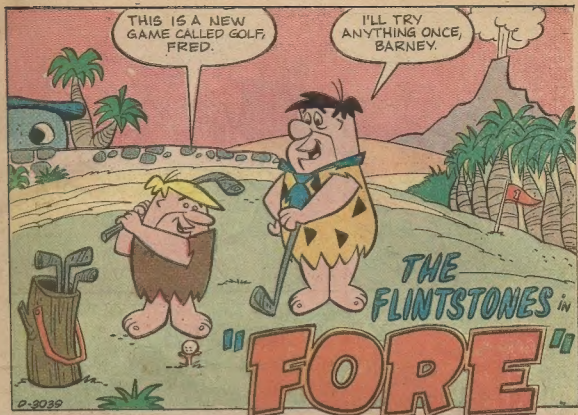
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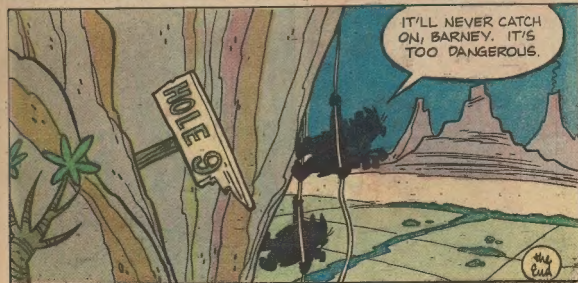
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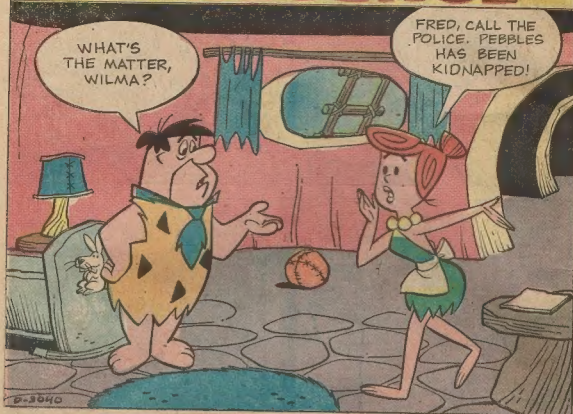
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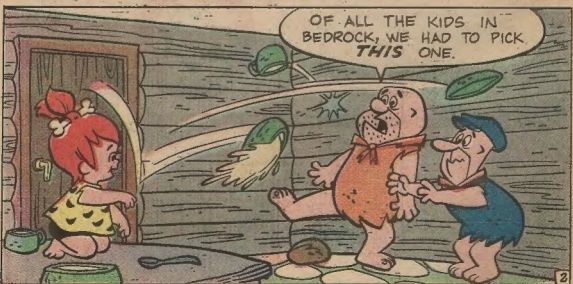
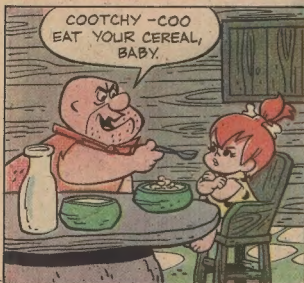


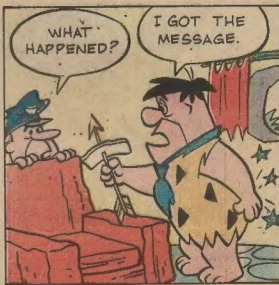
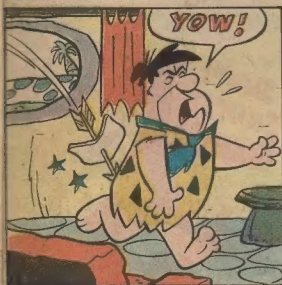
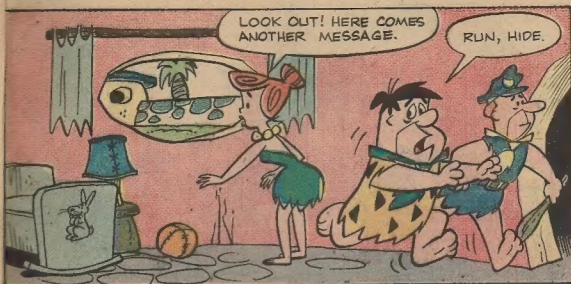
**THE
FLINTSTONES**

**"PEBBLES'
REVENGE"**



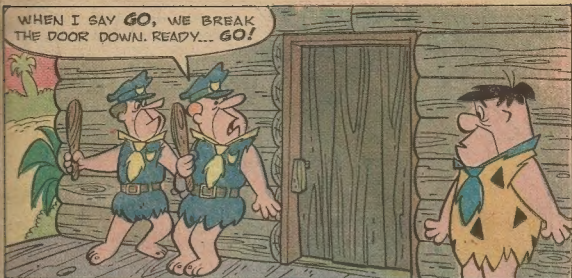
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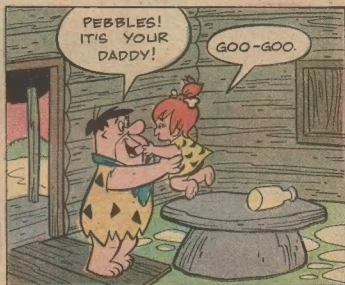


WHEN I SAY **GO**, WE BREAK
THE DOOR DOWN. READY... **GO!**



PEBBLES!
IT'S YOUR
DADDY!

GOO-GOO.



HERE'S **OUR** \$250,
MISTER. PLEASE TAKE
THAT KID AWAY!

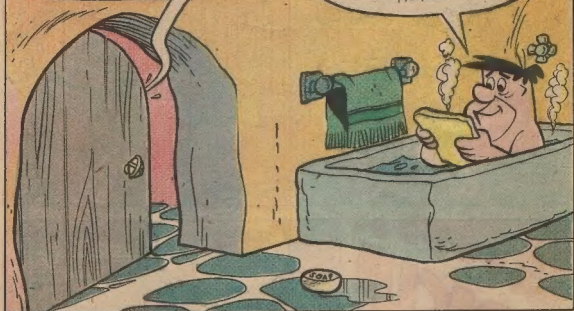


AND ALL THE TIME,
I THOUGHT **I** HAD TO
PAY THE RANSOM.



HELLO, FRED. I BROUGHT
MY COLLECTION OVER FOR
YOU TO SEE.

I'M IN THIS HOT TUB,
BARNEY, AND I'M NOT
BUDGING. BRING IT IN
HERE.



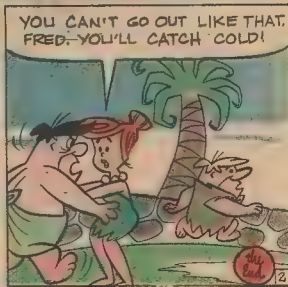
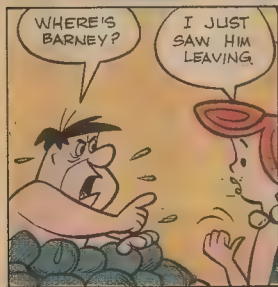
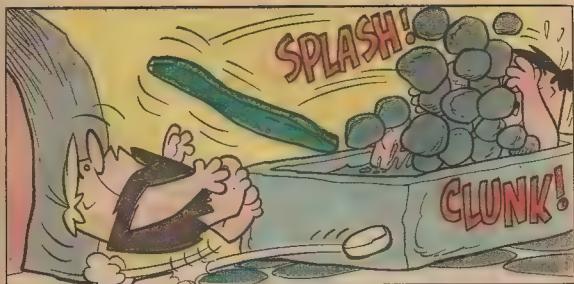
THE FLINTSTONES "ROCKY ROAD"

OKAY, YOU'LL
LOVE THEM FRED.

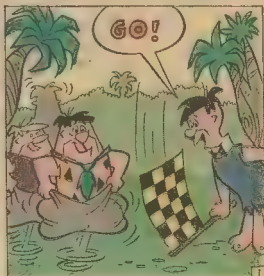
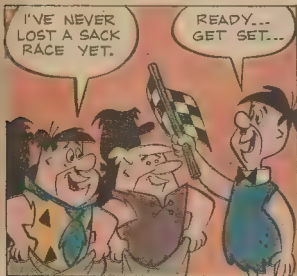
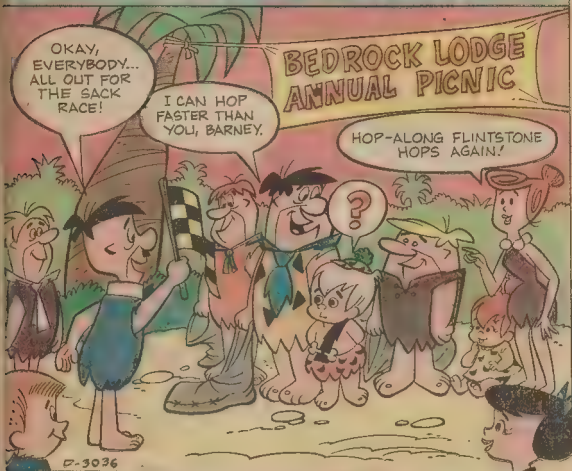


WATCH OUT...



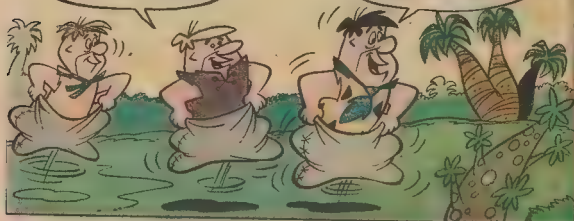


THE FLINTSTONES "SACK RACE"



IT'S JUST YOU AND
ME, FRED. THE REST
ARE FALLING BACK.

THE FIRST PRIZE IS AN
APPLE PIE AND I CAN
TASTE IT NOW.



HEY, THAT'S
NOT FAIR!

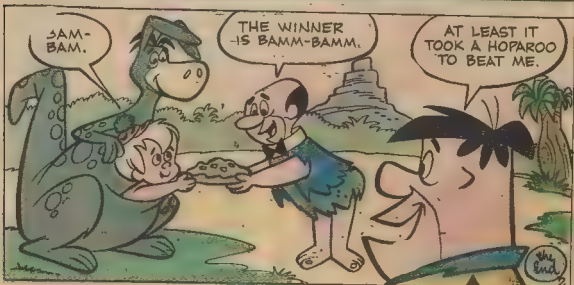
YEAH, THE RULES SAY THAT
ONLY **PEOPLE** CAN ENTER!



SAM-
BAM.

THE WINNER
IS BAMM-BAMM.

AT LEAST IT
TOOK A HOPAROO
TO BEAT ME.

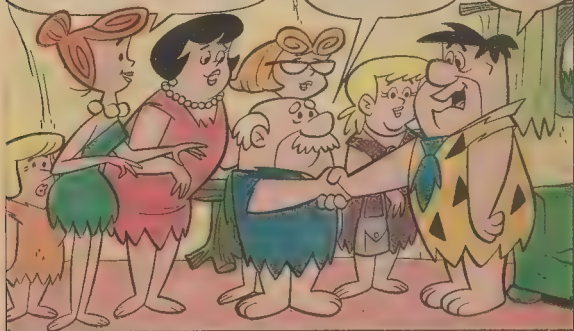


THE FLINTSTONES "CAPTAIN FRED"

FRED, THE MAYOR HAS CHOSEN YOU TO BE NEIGHBORHOOD CAPTAIN OF THE ECOLOGY CAMPAIGN ON OUR STREET.

CLEAN IT UP,
CAPTAIN
FLINTSTONE...
YOU CAN DO IT!

GULP!
YES SIR,
YOUR
HONOR.



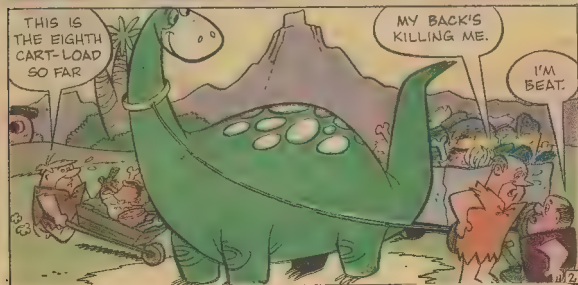
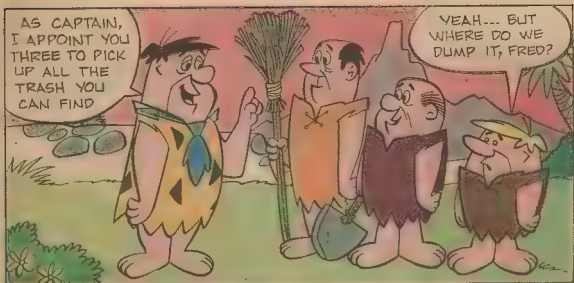
GEE, WILMA,
THIS IS A **BIG**
JOB!

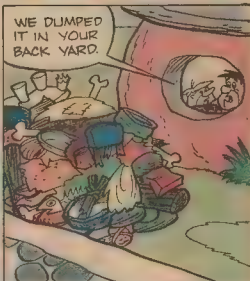
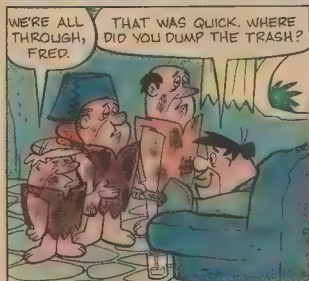
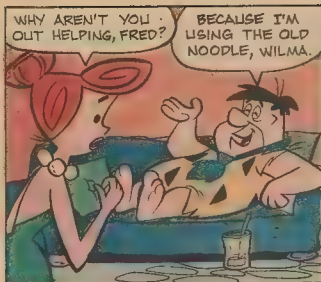
FRED, YOU
CAN DO IT!



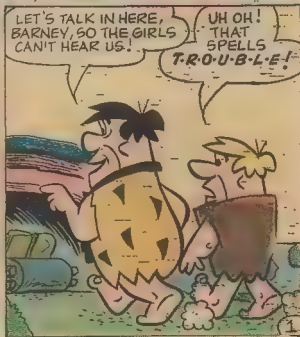
THE SECRET OF A GOOD
COMMANDER IS TO DELEGATE
RESPONSIBILITY. I'LL GET
LOTS OF HELP.

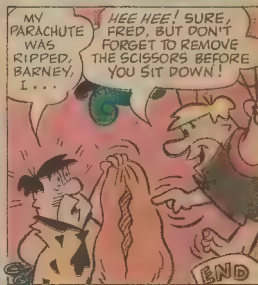
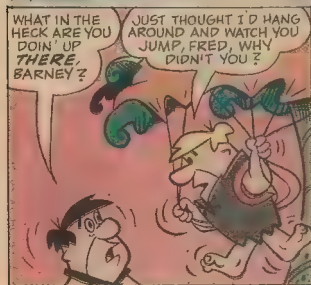
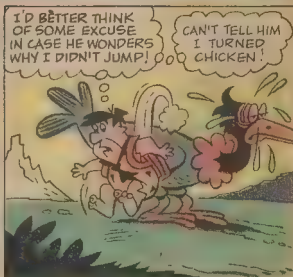
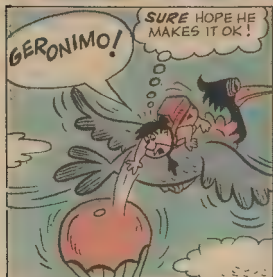
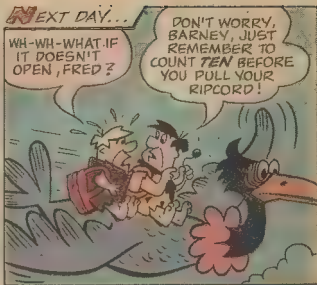






THE FLINTSTONES Hang it up!

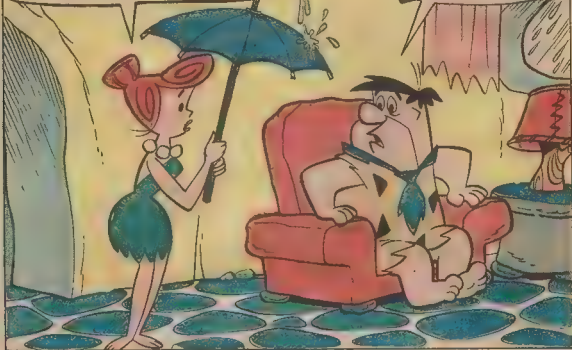




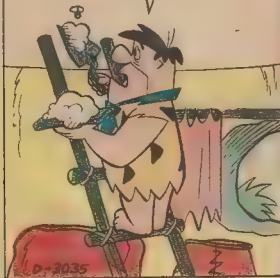
THE FLINTSTONES "HOME SWEET HOME"

FRED! THERE'S A HOLE IN THE ROOF. THE RAIN'S POURING IN.

OKAY, OKAY. I'LL FIX IT, I'LL FIX IT!



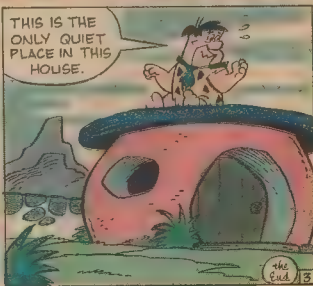
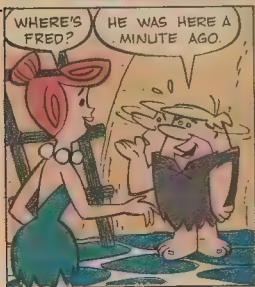
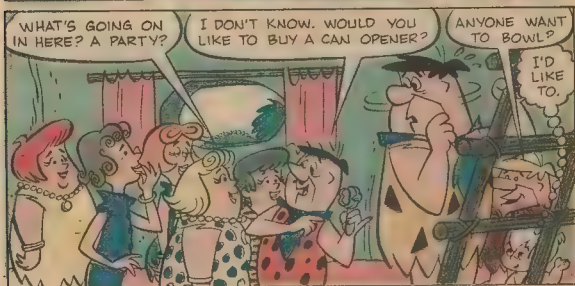
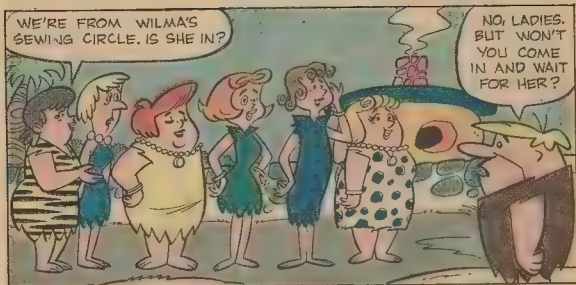
AH! EVERYONE'S OUT. NO ONE AROUND TO BOTHER ME. I'LL HAVE THIS DONE IN A MINUTE.



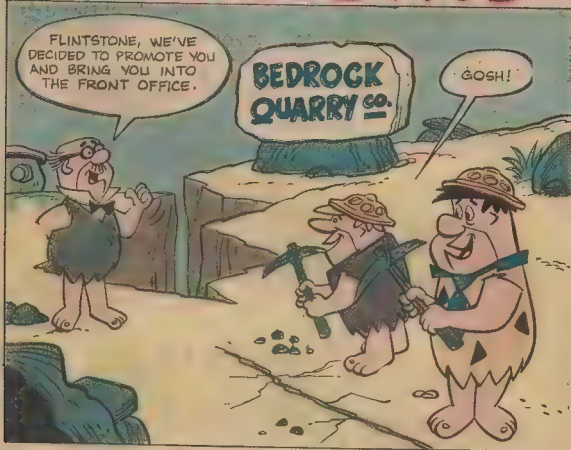
NOW WHO CAN THAT BE?

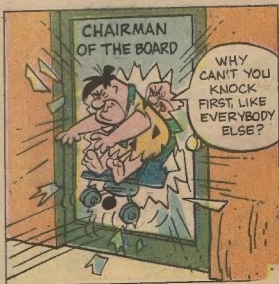
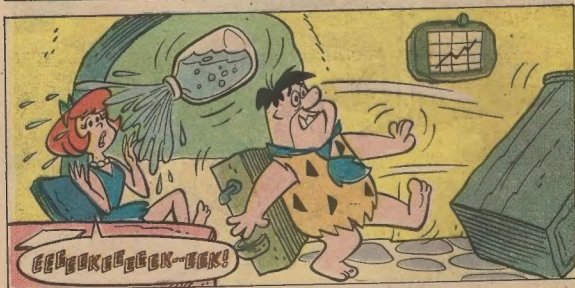


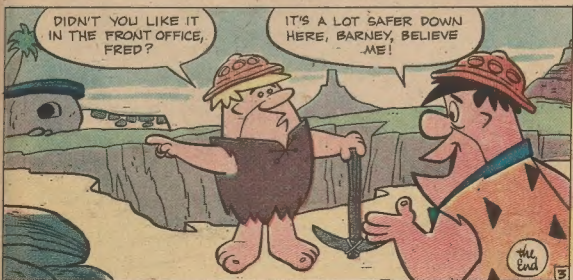
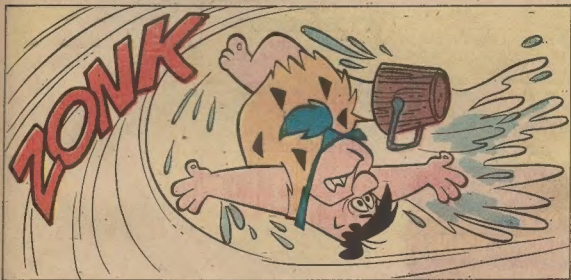




THE FLINTSTONES "FRED, THE EXECUTIVE"







HEY, Kids!

FRED FLINTSTONE IS GIVING A PARTY FOR THE HANNA-BARBERA GANG.

CAN YOU IDENTIFY THE HANNA-BARBERA CHARACTERS? WRITE THE NAME YOU THINK GOES WITH THE NUMBERS. WHEN YOU'RE THROUGH, TURN THIS PAGE UPSIDE DOWN AND SEE HOW GOOD YOUR MEMORY IS.



RAY DIRGO

- ANSWERS:
1. BABA LOOEY
 2. PIXIE
 3. TOP CAT
 4. CHOPPER
 5. BOO BOO
 6. DIXIE
 7. BARNEY
 8. YOGI BEAR
 9. GEORGE JETSON
 10. HUCKLEBERRY HOUND
 11. MAGILLA GORILLA
 12. FRED FLINTSTONE
 13. QUICK DRAW MC GRAW
 14. YAKKY DOODLE

BOMERS, MOANERS AND GROANERS

For more than thirty years I have taught these darling little children in the grade schools. It has been necessary for me to give them examinations on what they should have studied and should have learned. Sometimes the examination is written. Other times it is oral. I also have to ask them questions about what they are doing. One thing is certain: If teacher is not clear in pronouncing a word or doesn't make the meaning clear of a thought, those little kids will give you unusual answers. The kids always enjoyed trying to catch teacher with a riddle or puzzle. Or find something that the teacher doesn't know. And how happy a boy or girl is when this has been accomplished.

One of my biggest moaners actually wasn't my fault at all. I figure the blame, if any, did belong to our acting principal, Dr. Herman Wycopp. He called me into his office to tell me the news.

"We have in this school a scholarship fund of three thousand dollars. Established by the late Mr. Thomas McNaughty. One condition is that we must raise at least \$500.00 a year to be added to it. I have an idea on how we can easily raise that money. On my desk is an item I cut out of the newspaper.

"A Mr. Herman Bierman is a magician who specializes in entertaining school children. Get in touch with him. Hire him. We will sell tickets and thus raise the needed money for the fund."

I sighed. In those days you did all the extra work without getting either a time allowance or some extra cash. I contacted Mr. Herman Bierman. He showed me notices and letters from different schools in various states. Praising his magic show. So we got the art classes to make the posters. And we organized a selling campaign.

Ticket sales were excellent. And we sold out every seat in our large auditorium. Came the day of the big show. For a half an hour everything went according to schedule. He picked out rabbits from his big silk hat. He produced eggs from his right hand. He showed how a tree could develop in three minutes from a little seed. Then he came to his special act. He held up a bunch of flowers.

"You will see the flowers vanish right before your eyes," he told our boys and girls.

Uttering the magic words: "Bacaderarara Macaderarama", he then lit a match and dropped it into a bowl filled with some kind of a powder. At the same time he let the flowers fall into this bowl.

The bowl burst into a puff of smoke. Which spiraled

up to the ceiling of the auditorium. And there we had the latest automatic smoke detector which was tied into the fire boxes at Fire Company 16 and Fire Company 18. As you probably must know, the fire companies have fire engines out on special patrol duty. Equipped with radio. So it seemed within just seconds that the auditorium was filled with firemen. In their coats and helmets and wielding axes. Now what do you think happened?

Did the kids get scared and panic? Nothing of the kind. They all applauded. Seemed, as I later learned, the kids figured this was part of the act. In fact a lot of them shouted at the top of their lungs: "We want more! We want more!"

What happened to our magician? I figured he must have been very much scared and just vanished. Maybe into thin air? Anyway, we were unable to contact him and pay him for his show. It certainly was a howling success. But, oh, brother, it could have turned into a terrible disaster. Which also shows you that at times you just can't figure out how kids will react to a given situation.

I was on lunch room duty when Tommy came over to me to tell me something.

"We got a new kid at our table. His name is Pete. He came from P.S. 36. He knows baseball. He told us that once he hit a ball and as a result there were 18 home runs. Now I can't figure that one out. He can't be a liar. Because who would believe it? Yet he says it is the truth."

As a baseball fan I myself was puzzled. So I went over to the table and spoke to the new boy in our school.

"My uncle was a pitcher for the Pittsfield Pirates. Tell me how you can get 18 home runs with one hit? No such rule on the books. If you had a man at first base, a man on second base, and a man on third base and you hit a home run, the maximum you could get would be only 4 home runs."

"It really happened to me," he said with a most serious expression on his face. "I was captain of our block team. We played the team from another block. I hit a ball. It went through the window of a bakery store. So what did we do? All 18 of us made a home run - we all ran home."

Until next time, and I will tell you more about our school.